

When Everything Goes Crooked

depend upon it, something is the matter with your intestinal tract. That's the seat of most of your trouble. The man with a perfect digestion is a merry man. The woman with a sound liver is a happy woman. No dyspepsia, no headaches, no nausea bother them. Laughing eyes, a jolly smile, a quick, alert step, are their characteristics. It is not difficult to attain this perfection of health.

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are the remedy that will quickly and surely effect the change. They are the accepted remedy for all forms of biliousness, dyspepsia, nervous headaches, and evil consequences that arise from disorders of the stomach, liver or kidneys.

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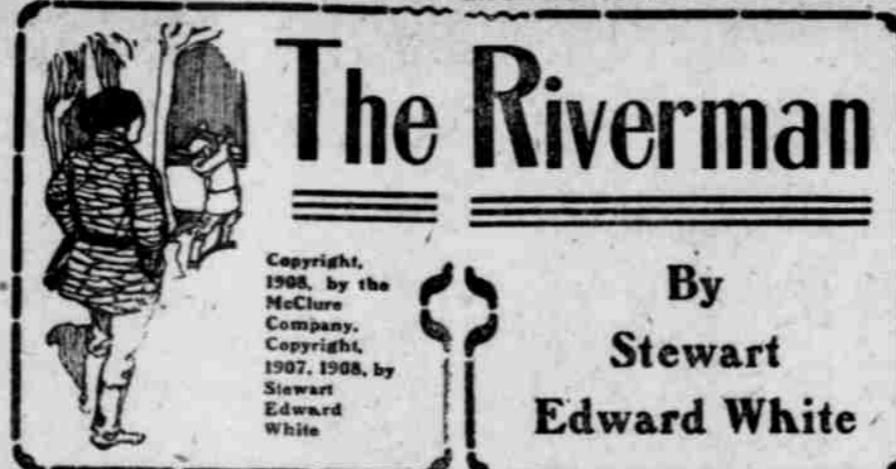
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944 Main Street East End Congress Street Bridge



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By **Stewart Edward White**

When a rough, sturdy, man-mastering lumber driver, boss of the lawless "river jacks," starts out to win the heart and hand of an aristocratic young woman of eastern wealth and fashion, interesting things are apt to happen. They do happen, as readers of this story will agree. Jack Orde is the type of man who has gone into the American wildernesses and reclaimed them from themselves, from lawbreaking and debauchery. The brilliant author's descriptions of the battles between man and nature and between man and man in the lumber fastnesses of the great northwest set one's blood a-tingle. They show that man is a superhero when courage swells his heart. And the wooing and winning of Carroll Bishop by Jack Orde supply captivating romance that cannot fail to charm.

Chapter 1

THE time was the year 1872 and the place a bend in the river above a long pond terminating in a dam. Beyond this dam and on a flat lower than it stood a two-story mill structure. A crew of lumbermen lounged about two fires at the upper end of the pond—idle because of the strong adverse wind and the unexpected weakness of the current, which had arrested the progress of their thousands of logs. Suddenly a solitary figure appeared around a river bend. His progress was jerky and on an uneven zigzag, according as the logs lay, by leaps, short runs, brief pauses, as a riverman goes. Finally he stepped ashore just below the camp, stamped his feet vigorously free of water and approached the group around the cooking fire.

The newcomer was a man somewhere about thirty years of age, squarely built, big of bone, compact in bulk. His face was burly, jolly and reddened rather than tanned by long exposure. A pair of twinkling blue eyes and a humorously quirked mouth redeemed his countenance from commonplaceness. "Well, boys," he remarked at last in a rollicking big voice, "I'm glad to see the situation hasn't spoiled your appetites."

Tom North, in charge of the lumbermen, rose. He and the newcomer, who was Jack Orde, his principal, sauntered to the water's edge, where they stood for a minute looking at the logs and the ruffled expanse of water below. "It's a pity that old mossback had to put in a mill," said Orde. "The water was slack enough before, but now there seems to be no current at all."

"Case of wait for the wind," agreed Tom North. "Old Daly will be red-headed. He must be about out of logs at the mill, and I expect Johnson's drive will be down on our rear most any time."

"It's there already. Let's go take a look," suggested Orde. They picked their way around the edge of the pond to the site of the new mill.

"Sluice open all right," commented Orde. Orde walked out on the structure and looked down on the smooth water rushing through.

"Ought to make a draw," he reflected. Then he laughed. "Tom, look here," he called. "Climb down and take a squint at this."

The sluice, instead of bedding at the natural channel of the river, had been built a good six feet above that level; so that, even with the gates wide open, a "head" of six feet was retained in the slack water of the pond.

"No wonder we couldn't get a draw," said Orde. "Let's hunt up old What's-his-name and have a powwow."

"His name is plain Reed," explained North. "There he comes now."

The owner of the dam flapped into view as a lank and lengthy white-haired individual dressed in loose, long clothes and wearing atop a battered old plug hat.

"You haven't been square," said Orde. "You aren't letting us get our logs out."

"How so?" snapped the owner, his thin lips tightening.

never get those logs out if we don't get more draw on the water. Good day."

Followed by the reluctant North, he walked away.

Chapter 2

THE next morning dawned clear and bright. As soon as the wind died the logs had begun to drift slowly out into the open water. The surface of the pond was covered with the scattered timbers floating idly. After a few moments the clank of the bars and ratchet was heard as two of the men raised the heavy sluice gate on the dam.

Four more had by this time joined the two men who had raised the gate, and all together, armed with long pole poles, walked out on the funnel shaped booms that should concentrate the logs into the chute. Here they prodded forward the few timbers within reach and waited patiently for more.

Jack Orde wandered back and forth over the work, his hands clasped behind his back, a short pipe clinched between his teeth. To the edge of the drive he rode the logs, then took to the bank and strolled down to the dam. Meeting Tom North's troubled glance, he grinned broadly.

"Told you we'd have Johnson on our necks," he remarked, jerking his thumb up river toward a rapidly approaching figure.

This soon defined itself as a tall individual with a choleric blue eye. "What in hades is the matter here?" he yelled. "We're right at your rear, Orde."

"By your own folly shall ye perish," and you ain't even made a start getting through this dam! We'll lose the water next!"

"Keep your shirt on," advised Orde. "If you want these logs pushed any faster, do it yourself."

"If you can't get out logs, why do you take the job?" roared Johnson. "If you hang my drive, blank you, you'll catch it for damages! I tell you our mills need logs, and, what's more, they're a-goin' to get them!"

He departed in a rumble of vituperation. Orde found the old mill owner occupying a chair tilted back against the wall of the building. His ruffled plug hat was thrust, as usual, well away from his high and narrow forehead. He was whittling a pine stick, which he held pointing down between his spread knees, and conversing animatedly with a young fellow occupying another chair at his side.

"I want to talk this matter over," Orde began. "We can't afford to hang up the drive, and the water is going down every day. We've got to have more water. I'll tell you what we'll do: If you'll let us cut down the new sill we'll replace it in good shape when we get all our logs through."

"Well, we'll give you something for the privilege. What do you think is fair?"

"I tell you I'll give you your legal rights and not a cent more," replied the old man.

"Well, Mr. Reed, stop and think what this means," returned Orde. "No logs means no lumber. That is bankruptcy for a good many who have contracts to fulfill. And no logs means the mills must close. Thousands of men will be thrown out of their jobs, and a good many of them will go hungry. And with the stream full of the old cutting, that means less to do next winter in the woods—more men thrown out. Getting out a season's cut with the food water is a pretty serious matter to a great many people, and if you insist on holding us up here in this slack water the situation will soon become alarming."

The old man brought to earth the front legs of his chair with a thump. "And if the whole kit and caboodle of ye starved outright," said he, "it would but be the fulfillin' of the word of the prophet who says: 'So will I send upon you famine and evil beasts, and they shall bereave thee, and pestilence and blood shall pass through thee, and I will bring the sword upon thee. I the Lord have spoken it!' And don't forget that. Ye that make of God's smilin' land waste places and a wilderness by your own folly shall ye perish."

Orde whirled on his heel. The young man, who sat an interested spectator, arose and joined him. He was a very slender young man,

with a shrewd, thin face, steel gray eyes. "Wait a minute," said the young fellow. "Have you any objections to my hanging around a little to watch the work? My name is Newmark—Joseph Newmark. I'm out in this country a good deal for my health. This thing interests me."

"Sure," replied Orde, puzzled. "Look all you want to. The scenery's free."

"Yes. But can you put me up?" "Oh, as far as I'm concerned," agreed Orde heartily. "But, with one of his contagious chuckles, 'I'm only river boss. You'll have to fix it up with the doctor—the cook, I mean,' he explained, as Newmark looked puzzled. 'You'll find him at camp.'

In the center of the stream the work had been gradually slowing down to a standstill with the subsidence of the first rush of water after the sluice gate was opened. Tom North, leaning gracefully against the shaft of a peavy, looked up eagerly as Orde approached.

"Is it peace or war?" "War," replied Orde briefly.

Chapter 3

AT this moment the cook stepped into view and sent across the water a long, weird and not unmusical cry. The men at once began slowly to drift in the direction of the camp. There, when the tin plates had all been filled, Orde addressed them.

"Boys," said he, "the old mossback has built up the sill of that gate until we can't get a draw on the water, and he refuses to give, lend or sell us the right to cut her out. Now, we've got to get those logs out. Johnny Sims, what's the answer?"

"Correct," replied Orde, with a chuckle. "But it's against the law to interfere with another man's property."

This was so obviously humorous in intent that its only reception consisted of more grins from everybody.

"The nearest sheriff's at Spruce Rapids," commented some one philosophically. "We have sixty men, all told," said Orde. "We ought to be able to carry it through."

He filled his plate and walked across to a vacant place. Here he found himself next to Newmark.

"Hello!" he greeted that young man. "Fixed it with the doctor all right?"

"Yes," replied Newmark, "thanks. I think I ought to tell you that the sheriff is not at Spruce Rapids, but at the village—expecting trouble."

Orde roared in delight. "Boys," he called, "old Plug Hat's got the sheriff right handy. Has he a posse?" Inquired Orde of Newmark. "I didn't see any, but I heard that the governor had been advised to hold troops in readiness."

At last Orde's face cleared, and he slapped down his tin plate violently. "I have it!" he cried aloud.

He instructed a half dozen men to provide themselves with saws, axes, picks and shovels and march toward the mill.

When near the structure the riverman saw the lank, black figure of the mill owner mount a bony old horse and clatter away into the forest.

Orde rapidly designated ten men of his crew. "You make things hum. Get as much done as you can before the sheriff comes, and when that sheriff comes I want you to go peacefully. Understand?"

"Cave in? Not much!" cried Purdy. "See here," and Orde drew them aside to earnest conversation. When he had finished he clapped each of them on the back, and all moved off, laughing, to the dam.

"Now, boys," he commanded the others, "no row without orders. If there's going to be a fight I'll give the word."

The chopping crew descended to the bottom of the sluice, the gate of which had been shut, and began immediately to chop away at the apron.

The work had continued nearly an hour when Orde commanded the fifty or more idlers back to camp.

To be Continued.

The touch of vivid color across the front of the waist is one of the latest of costume details.

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SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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AUDITOR'S REPORT

CITY OF BRIDGEPORT, AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Nov. 1st, 1909.
Statement of Appropriations and Expenditures of the City of Bridgeport, First District, for the month ending October 31st, 1909.

Appropriation for 1909-1910.	Amount expended month of Oct.	Previously expended	Total expended to date	Balance Unexpended
Advertising, printing and stationery.	2,900 00	1,299 38	1,299 38	700 62
Ambulance and emergency.	6,174 25	609 73	2,929 32	3,535 25
Assessor's salaries, etc.	10,108 00	348 49	3,828 20	4,771 69
Bonds, betterment.	2,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00
Bonds, improvement.	10,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00
Bonds, Municipal.	10,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00	10,000 00
Bonds, re-issue.	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00
Bonds, improvement No. 2.	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00
Bridges, Voting Machines.	1,900 00	1,900 00	1,900 00	1,900 00
Bridges, Superintendent of.	510 00	85 00	425 00	610 00
Building Commissioners.	3,800 00	369 11	1,925 52	2,204 63
Building Laws, revision of.	3,500 00	8 66	8 66	2,491 34
City Attorney, expenses un-	600 00	452 57	452 57	47 43
City Attorney, expenses.	500 00	145 00	202 00	298 00
City Hall, fuel, light, etc.	3,688 00	231 64	1,170 55	1,407 19
Collector's office.	4,230 00	402 00	3,013 19	3,416 23
County tax.	5,528 91	82 00	8,538 91	8,538 91
Culverts, Rooster River.	2,700 00	2,700 00	2,700 00	2,700 00
Dog tax.	3,356 56	3,356 56	3,356 56	3,356 56
Fire Warden.	900 00	900 00	900 00	900 00
Election expenses, enroll-	685 00	685 00	685 00	685 00
Election expenses, miscel-	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00
Election expenses, regis-	6,233 00	328 21	1,710 42	2,038 63
Election expenses, Selectmen.	220 00	220 00	220 00	220 00
Garbage disposal, special.	25,000 00	3,512 66	15,974 99	18,500 00
Health.	6,876 00	509 08	2,909 08	3,696 16
Hunters' Licenses.	700 00	700 00	700 00	700 00
Interest on funded debt.	31,852 50	380 00	16,240 00	16,240 00
Land records, indexing.	1,200 00	1,200 00	1,200 00	1,200 00
Library fund.	15,805 09	703 20	7,154 59	7,857 79
Lights.	6,000 00	1,167 00	2,841 29	3,505 29
Liquor and dog agent.	1,156 25	57 50	546 00	643 50
Main street, new macadam.	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00
Memorial Day.	800 00	734 60	734 60	734 60
Military commutation tax.	14,000 00	14,000 00	14,000 00	14,000 00
Miscellaneous.	2,500 00	182 29	392 23	574 88
Personal damages.	500 00	500 00	500 00	500 00
Police and charities' build-	6,120 00	712 19	1,285 76	1,907 95
Police, care of.	85,908 43	12,675 55	46,148 21	58,823 76
Poor, care of, deficiency.	35,000 00	25,000 00	25,000 00	25,000 00
Poor, care of, tuberculosis	1,720 00	60 00	352 87	412 87
Poor, care of, engine, wir-	500 00	500 00	500 00	500 00
Probate court.	950 00	123 85	365 74	489 49
Relief, Board of.	1,000 00	66 64	383 20	399 34
Road Oil.	1,000 00	10 83	969 17	1,000 00
Roads and bridges.	6,500 00	6,500 00	6,500 00	6,500 00
Salaries.	6,454 00	418 76	3,382 14	2,801 90
Schools.	204,612 00	15,554 08	125,443 46	140,997 51
School, buildings, etc.	79,220 00	13,712 48	61,811 97	65,524 45
Services and fees.	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00
Sinking fund.	6,500 00	6,500 00	6,500 00	6,500 00
State highway construction.	6,205 08	1,212 81	4,992 77	6,205 08
Street grading.	2,000 00	88 25	1,924 03	1,924 03
Town clerk's office.	8,650 00	492 17	4,674 56	5,367 73
Trees, removal of.	115 00	115 00	115 00	115 00
Truant officers.	2,372 50	195 00	1,096 00	1,287 00
Totals.	\$781,728 77	\$57,845 08	\$388,482 17	\$443,827 25

BERNARD KEATING, City Auditor.

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Statement of Appropriations and Expenditures of the City of Bridgeport, Second District, for the month ending October 31st, 1909.

	Appropriations for 1909-1910	Am't. Expended month of Oct.	Previously Ex- pended	Total Expenses to date	Balance Unexpended
Advertising, printing and stationery,	5,000 00	487 84	2,361 29	2,789 13	2,210 87
Appraisers' services,	3,800 00	291 66	1,250 30	1,541 96	2,258 04
Asphalt street repairs,	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	0 00
Barnum school fund,	50 00	50 00	50 00	50 00	0 00
Bonds, Redemption,	6,000 00	6,000 00	6,000 00	6,000 00	0 00
Bonds, Fire Department,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Bonds, Improvement,	7,000 00	7,000 00	7,000 00	7,000 00	0 00
Bonds, Yellow Mill Bridge,	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	0 00
Bridges, care of and repair,	10,000 00	669 11	8,142 62	6,811 73	2,188 27
Bonds, Yellow Mill, special,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Bridges, Superintendent of City court,	510 00	510 00	510 00	510 00	0 00
Claims committed,	850 00	850 00	850 00	850 00	0 00
Common road repairs,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Congress St. Bridge,	251,370 17	48,576 07	96,332 64	145,508 81	102,961 56
Crosswalks,	1,300 00	1,300 00	1,300 00	1,300 00	0 00
Crosswalk repairs,	1,500 00	1,500 00	1,500 00	1,500 00	0 00
Culvert, Arctic street,	5,000 00	241 75	3,633 19	3,324 94	1,675 06
Curb and Gutter, setting back,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Fire department,	152,700 00	13,852 23	70,406 98	84,058 21	68,641 79
Fire department, special,	17,100 00	5,104 59	7,343 02	12,447 61	4,652 39
Harbor Master,	1,505 00	118 25	845 48	783 74	741 26
Interest on funded debt,	50,832 50	945 00	25,900 00	26,845 00	24,007 50
Interest on temporary debt,	300 00	150 00	150 00	300 00	0 00
Land damages, general,	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	0 00
Land damages, special,	2,700 00	2,700 00	2,700 00	2,700 00	0 00
Legal expenses,	1,000 00	86 81	86 81	86 81	913 19
Lights,	57,883 92	4,093 17	24,022 51	28,115 68	29,768 24
Lindley street straighten-	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	0 00
Macadam, new,	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	5,000 00	0 00
Macadam road repairs,	40,000 00	3,652 17	33,374 49	36,628 66	3,373 54
Miscellaneous,	3,000 00	858 03	858 03	858 03	2,141 97
Miscellaneous, special,	24,750 00	1,781 80	15,356 34	17,147 14	7,602 86
Park Dept., Fayerweather Ia.,	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00	3,000 00	0 00
Park Dept., special,	2,100 00	2,100 00	2,100 00	2,100 00	0 00
Pavement, repairs,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Pavement, permanent,	26,400 00	5,786 23	11,406 54	17,192 77	9,207 23
Pavement, permanent, Hou- satorium Ave.,	5,000 00	3,356 38	3,356 38	3,356 38	1,643 62
Person's damages,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Police department,	119,380 75	9,168 82	54,704 65	63,873 17	55,507 58
Police department, new pa- troldmen,	5,918 75	975 50	1,780 00	2,655 50	3,263 25
Police department, special back pay,	9,261 61	9,261 61	9,261 61	9,261 61	0 00
Road Oil,	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	0 00
Salaries,	11,920 00	1,144 20	5,005 50	6,150 66	5,769 34
Sewer cleaning,	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	0 00
Sewer construction,	40,238 25	6,138 70	34,259 58	40,298 25	0 00
Sewer repairs,	4,000 00	558 84	583 38	1,141 22	2,858 78
Sewer well cleaning,	5,000 00	364 25	2,545 75	2,910 00	2,090 00
Sidewalks, curb, etc., grad- ing,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Sidewalks, curb and gutter, new,	5,000 00	606 85	3,365 91	3,362 78	1,637 24
Sidewalks, curb and gutter, repairs,	2,500 00	2,500 00	2,500 00	2,500 00	0 00
Sinking fund,	14,000 00	14,000 00	14,000 00	14,000 00	0 00
Street cleaning,	48,500 00	4,078 56	25,828 22	29,901 78	18,598 22
Street dept., removing snow from walks,	500 00	238 23	1,291 65	1,549 98	500 00
Street department, salaries,	3,100 00	3,100 00	3,100 00	3,100 00	0 00
Street department, road roll- ers,	4,600 00	4,600 00	4,600 00	4,600 00	0 00
Street department, sprink- ling,	25,865 00	4,540 94	13,395 10	17,936 04	7,928 96
Street grading,	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	2,000 00	0 00
Street grading, Madison Ave.,	2,000 00	1,588 23	1,588 23	1,588 23	401 77
Street grading, William St.,	1,000 00	85 85	85 85	85 85	914 15
Surveying,	13,931 00	949 95	8,063 44	8,943 29	4,987 61
Trees, removal of,	1,500 00	1,500 00	1,500 00	1,500 00	0 00
Tree supply,	12,000 00	2,836 88	6,834 88	6,834 88	5,165 12
Watering troughs,	150 00	35 25	103 84	139 19	10 81
Totals,	\$1,064,208 95	\$121,412 26	\$542,971 87	\$664,364 12	\$389,824 83
BERNARD KEATING, City Clerk.					